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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The smoke curls upward—drowsily—
Between his lips;
Mist-gray, and the amber of shadows.

The image is speaking.
Words of dim gray-gold smoke
Graven like amber:
“Do you remember
The offering you burned alone at dawn
To one who did not answer?
Across the ashes
You saw the sea-mist rising—rising—
Like the smoke of incense,
And cried out with the pain in your heart.”

The smoke curls upward—dreamily—
Between his lips;
Ivory, and the lost blue of shadows.

NIGHT IN THE CITY

I hear them pass by the wall of my garden—
The swift whisper of silk,
And laughter—
Tinkling like the wind-bells on the shadowy terrace,
Tinkling and calling.

Their lanterns form a necklace
Of gems,

Ellen Margaret Janson

Low-strung across the dusk.
Their laughter dies away past the wall of my garden.

In the willow
The echo lingers—
The echo of laughter, failing
Into sudden weariness.

THE UNKNOWN

I am the stir of garments that you heard
Pass by you in the wood.
I am the lips that smile, but speak no word
For evil or for good.

I am the voice that whispered in the long
Sweet twilights of the spring.
I am the haunting music of the song
I would not let you sing.

I am the finger beckoning in the street;
The strife, and the reward;
The quivering joy that stabbed you with its sweet
Sharper than any sword.

I am the dream that shines—a light apart,
When other lights are spent.
I am the pain that grips and breaks your heart
To save it from content!

Ellen Margaret Janson